



Skeletons ain't got nowhere to stick their money



trollcatz

 trollcatz

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-05-10 08:27:00

MOOD:  groggy

MUSIC: Drive-By Truckers - A Ghost to Most

I'm awake! I'm up! It's not noon! Well, all right. *Now* it's noon.

Afterward, Wabbit said, "That should be the sort of band that reminds me why I don't drink Jack Daniels and smoke Mar'bro Lights. Why were they not?"

"Lyrics," the Platypus replied. "Drive-By Truckers are what would have happened if the Stones' parents had moved to Odessa, Texas when they were three years old, and they grew up and formed a band when they found a cache of unrecorded Steve Earle songs sent back in time."

At least, I think that's what he said. It was a pretty accurate description, anyway.

Drive-By Truckers have more songs about guns than any other band ever. Also songs about death by other or unspecified means. (I'm pretty sure "Two Daughters and a Wife" is a car accident. But the main character is understandably fuzzy about the details.) But I think someone told them we were coming, so they did *all* of them. "Nine Bullets," "That Man I Shot," "When the Pin Hits the Shell," "Angels and Fuselage," "Plastic Flowers on the Highway" (one of the guys I rode the truck with used to sing that under his breath. I didn't realize until last night it was Drive-By Truckers). And "Loaded Gun in the Closet." I'm still figuring that one out. It may be the creepiest song I've ever heard.

They're a very danceable band, but I kept forgetting to dance; too busy listening.

The Platypus has all the lyrics memorized, so he didn't have that problem. Also, he was much in demand as a dance partner. He can make whoever he's dancing with look as if she knows how to

dance, too, and I assure you, in some cases, she totally doesn't.
g T. says someday she's taking him out on a date, just so she can have him all to herself.

Afterward, generalized hanging-out. The notaboy's girlfriend, Gail, was understandably shy but pleasant. After *that*, pie at the diner with Wabbit, until dawn.

Back in the Mesozoic, when I was in college, I had lovely nights like that, slept for two hours, and started off on a road trip or something. Now I sleep till noon, groan over my coffee, and have trouble parsing the comics page.

Whatcha wanna bet that any minute I'm getting a phone call from a bouncy Platypus, saying, "It's not raining yet! We can go climbing!"?



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

5 comments



 cvillette

May 10 2008, 16:26:24 UTC

COLLAPSE

bounces Dancing is just patterns. How hard can it be?

Wanna go climbing?

So, um, How did your post-notadate notadate with the Wabbit go? Do I need to have anybody disappeared? Nobody tells me *anything*



 trollcatz

May 10 2008, 16:41:07 UTC

COLLAPSE


I'm adding another critter to your zoological identifiers. You are also a Tigger. *g*

My bag o' climbing stuff is already sitting by the door. T. shook her head and covered her eyes. And said

we'd damned well better come back with takeout or she's changing the locks.


Re notadating: Meep? It sort of depends, is the final word. The notaboy was not a jerk, the Girl was nice (though Wabbit points out that the important one of those is the first, since she doesn't plan to actively not-date the Girl). It's a wait-and-see thing.

Put the hit man fee in escrow. *g*


 [cvillette](#)
May 10 2008, 16:44:48 UTC COLLAPSE

Come pick me up. I will be packing lunch.

Escrow, check.

 [trollcatz](#)
May 10 2008, 16:49:04 UTC COLLAPSE

On my way, brave monotreme.

 [bessemerprocess](#)
May 10 2008, 21:17:53 UTC COLLAPSE

I have them set up to alternate with The Mountain Goats and recordings from number stations on iTunes. It's possibly the most excellent (and tripy) thing ever. I crank it up and dance to it all the time.